

Log in | Sign up







The Long Lost Is Never Forgotton











Chapter 1 by Lukey D

I cried out to the darkness. Immune to all the feeling I had in me except for the feeling of pain. A figure approached me hooded but I could make out a few scars on his face. As he took of the hood I was awakened by a blinding light. I woke with sweat dripping down my face. I looked to my right at the alarm clock that read 2:45 AM. I sighed. I wondered to myself why I always had that nightmare since my dad died two weeks ago. The only thing that was different was the face of the hooded figure. I slowly nodded off thinking about the mysteries of this dream. Unaware what was to come when morning arises.

Chapter 2 by the smiling man



It was 7AM.

I got up, grabbed a bowl, poured cereal and milk into it. Had breakfast. Then someone banged on my door. Confused, I looked through the peephole. It was the hooded figure.

Chapter 3 by adware



He was less fuzzy around the edges than in my dreams for more real-- yet his annearance was

See more of Story Wars

or

Create new account

tree that had tilted over by growing on a cliff next to the ocean and being beaten down by heavy winds from the sea.

His legs were jointed backwards like the knees of birds. His feet were round stubs, organic peg legs with nothing flat to balance on.

It was 7:45AM. I was about to make a friend.

The hooded man raised a laser pointer and aimed the laser at my eye through the peephole. I fell back, cursing loudly. The door was smashed open with a powerful bird kick. The hooded man stood over me. By now I should have recovered from the laser but I felt sure I was blind in that eye, my head was filled with searing pain.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

1 You need to login before writing - click here

Continue the story			
	☐ Flag as mature	☐ receive feedback	
Write a comment			//

See more of Story Wars

or

Create new account

https://www.storywars.net/stories/4761